* MY * MOTHER'S HOME

WORDS BY

HANNAH E. WELCH

MUSIC BY

FLORENCE E. EVANS

COLLEGE MUSIC CO.
TORONTO

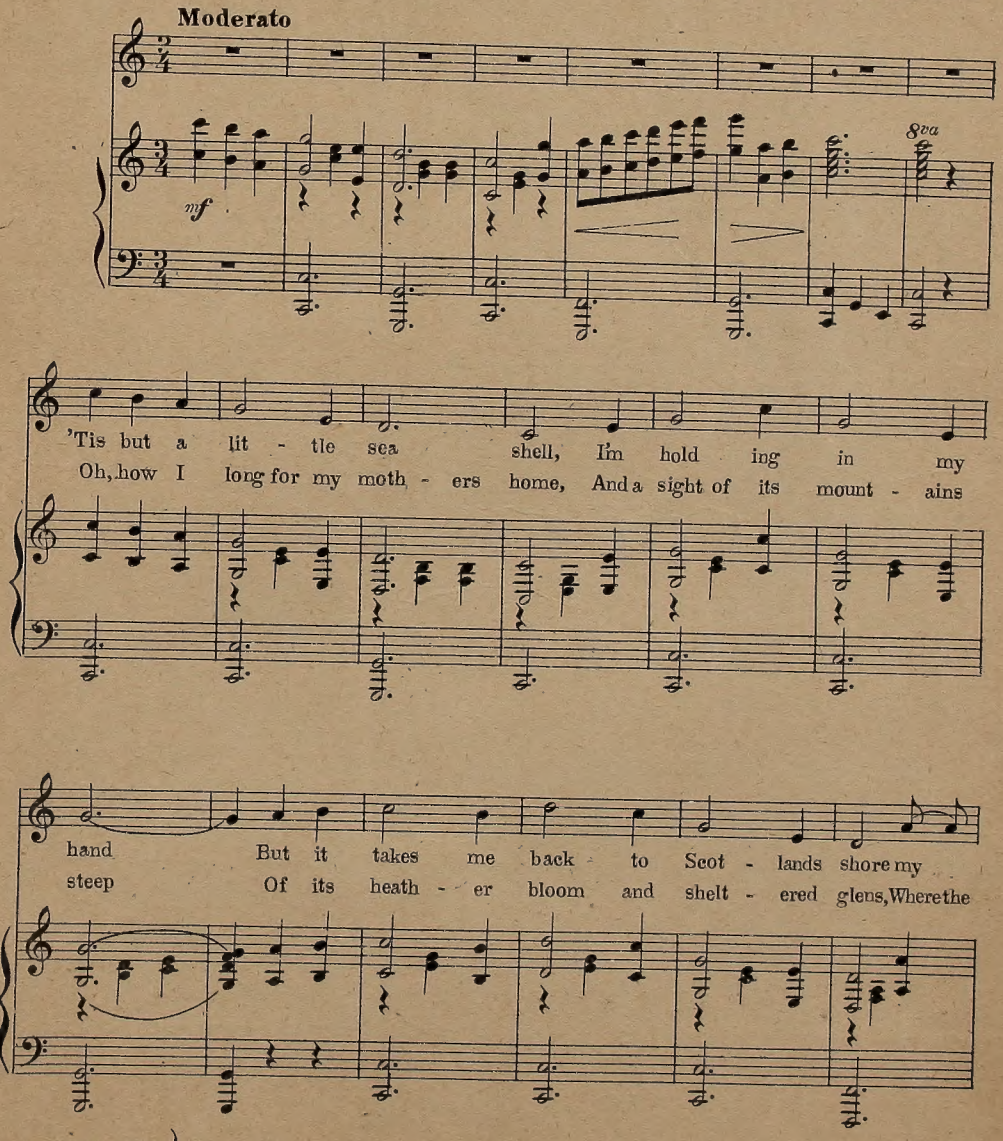
Lenore Ward

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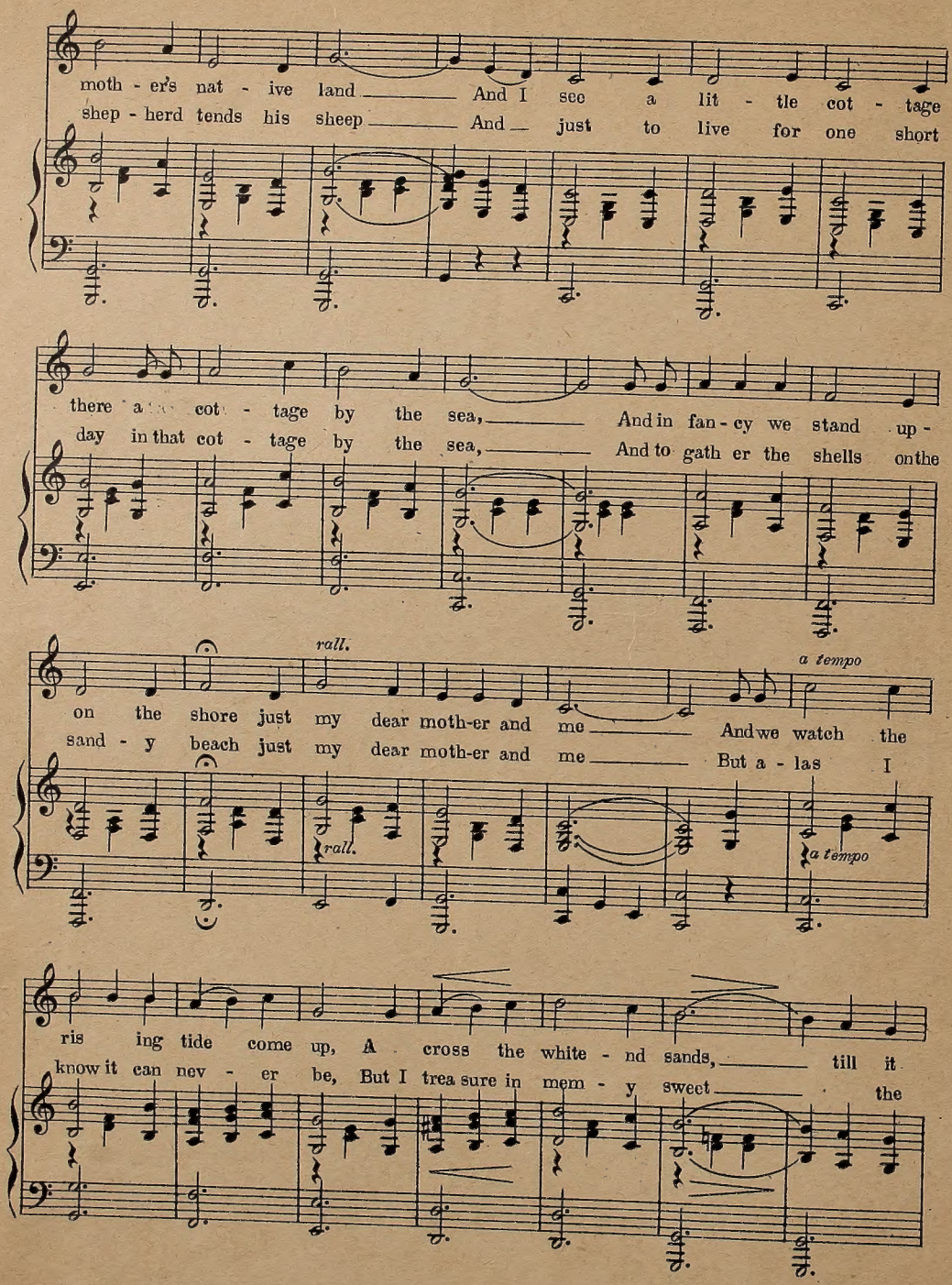
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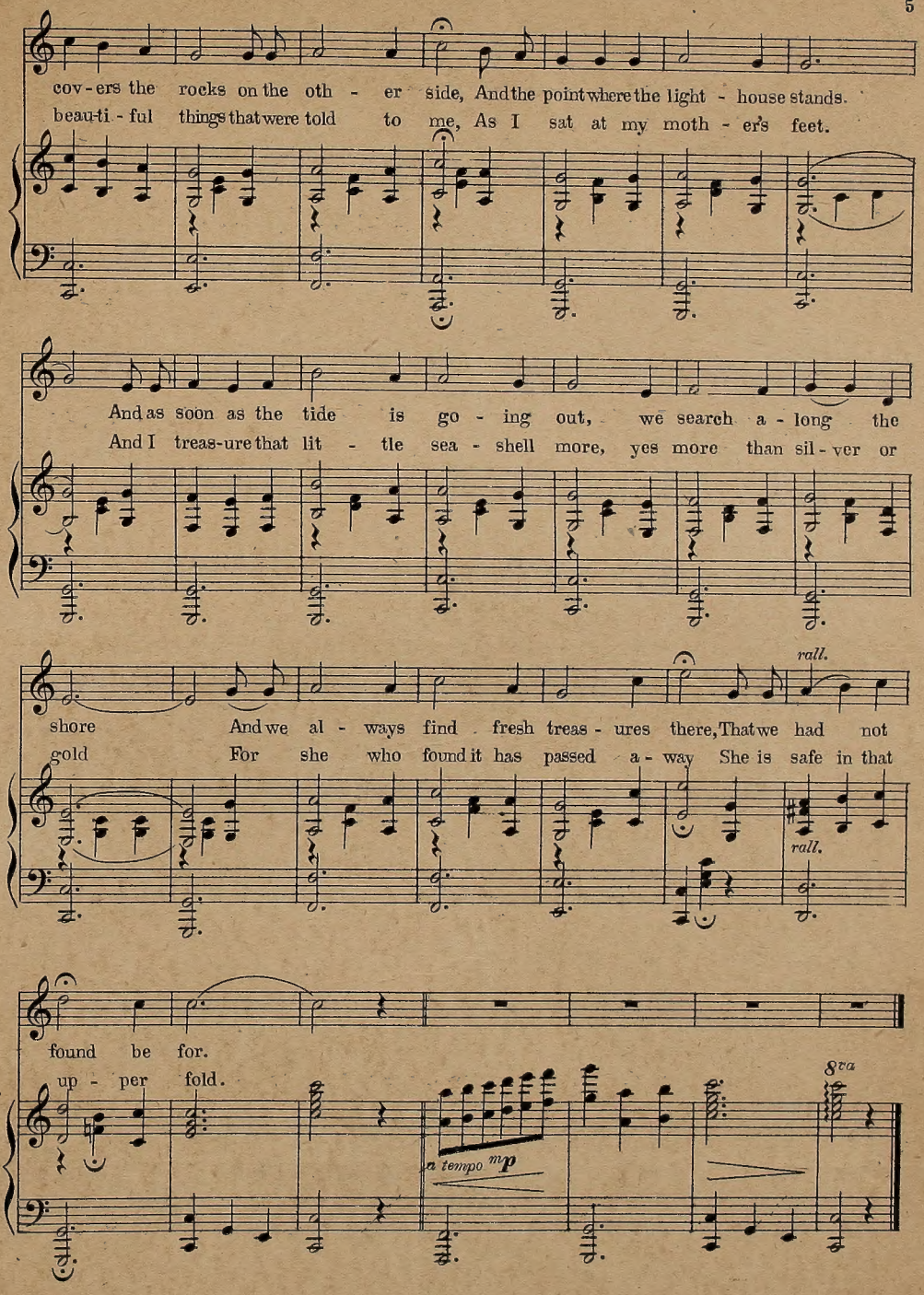
Words by HANNAH E. WELCH

Music by FLORENCE E EVANS



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moth - er's nat - ive land _____ And I see a lit - tle cot - tage
shep - herd tends his sheep _____ And _ just to live for one short
there a cot - tage by the sea, _____ And in fan - cy we stand up -
day in that cot - tage by the sea, _____ And to gath er the shells on the
rall.
a tempo
on the shore just my dear moth-er and me _____ And we watch the
sand - y beach just my dear moth-er and me _____ But a - las I
rall.
a tempo
ris ing tide come up, A cross the white - nd sands, _____ till it
know it can nev - er be, But I trea sure in mem - y sweet _____ the


cov-ers the rocks on the oth - er side, And the point where the light - house stands.
beau-ti-ful things that were told to me, As I sat at my moth - er's feet.
And as soon as the tide is go - ing out, we search a - long the
And I treas-ure that lit - tle sea - shell more, yes more than sil-ver or
rall.
shore And we al - ways find fresh treas - ures there, That we had not
gold For she who found it has passed a - way She is safe in that
rall.
found be for.
up - per fold.
8va
a tempo mp

81509